

CATS AND KITTENS.

TIGER.

Philip M Brown.

Blackie gave birth to two little kittens,
Two fluffy balls, a beautiful sight.
Tiger, with lovely stripes, like his namesake,
Sooty, unmarked, as black as the night.

Tiger grew up to be very friendly,
It seemed that with humans he felt no fear.
His sister, Sooty, was more independent,
And nervous when people around her came near.

This may have led to Tiger's undoing,
He made friends with others, I have no doubt.
And people took to this beautiful kitten.
This friendliness led him to wander about.

When taking an evening stroll round the garden,
Tiger would follow me just like a pup.
Until we came to his favourite tree,
Then, with his sister, he would climb up.

One summer day, out in the garden,
While I was mending the roof of my shed,
He'd been on the road and was hit by a vehicle.
My poor little Tiger was lifeless and dead.

My son and his wife brought him up from the road,
I could see by their eyes they were both close to tears.
But cats and cars don't mix, this we know,
And the sight of my kitten justified my fears.

His soft body still warm, golden eyes open wide,
I could not, at that time, my sorrow unload.
I buried him under a sweet scented shrub.
My poor little Tiger. Why cross the road?

Often I think of my poor little cat,
So innocent, and trusting Mankind.
Just wanting to be loved by the people he met.
If only we humans could mind.

If only we humans could treat every creature,
We share the World with, like a sister or brother.
Care for them, whether on plain, field or road,
Then perhaps we could all live in peace with each other.